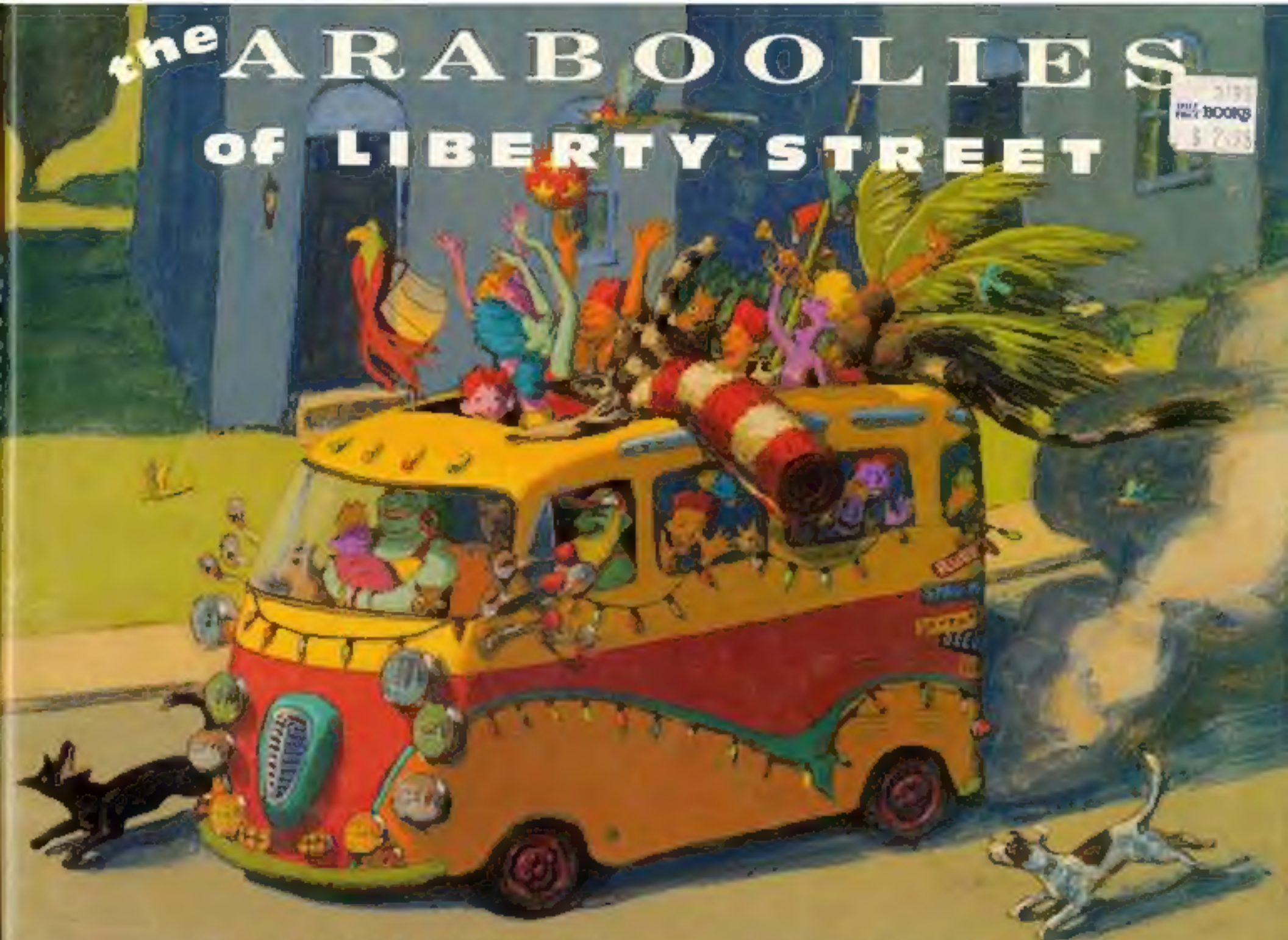


the ARABOLIES of LIBERTY STREET

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story by SAM SWOPE pictures by BARRY ROOT

**the
ARABOOLIES
OF LIBERTY STREET**

story by **SAM SWOPE**
pictures by **BARRY ROOT**

When the boisterous Araboolie family (dozens of them, all colors of the rainbow) and their collection of bizarre pets come to live on Liberty Street, mean General Pinch and his nasty wife are enraged. They hate anything that looks like fun or anyone who is different. This means war! But the children of Liberty Street love the Araboolies, and they cook up a wild caper that results in a very happy ending—for everybody but the terrible Pinches, of course.

Author Sam Swope has skillfully woven humor, fantasy, and a message about tolerance into a highly original story. Further enlivened by Barry Root's exuberant illustrations, this one-of-a-kind book will captivate children from the first page to the last.





To Trevor
S.M.S.

In memory of my brother Steve
B.R.



THE ARABOOLIES OF LIBERTY STREET



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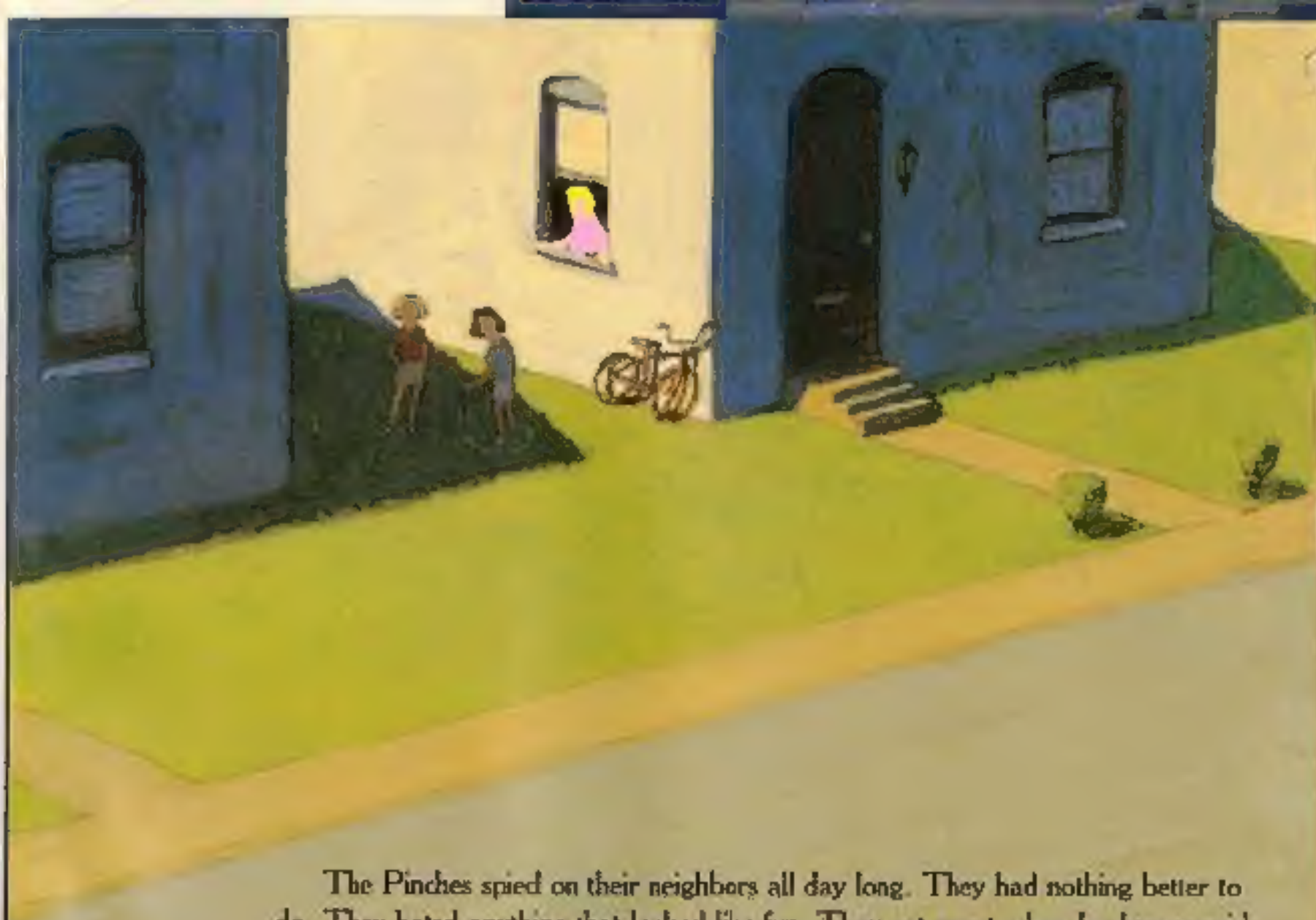


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Once there was a street called Liberty Street, and Liberty Street was lined with white houses that were so much alike it was difficult to tell one from another. This was just the way fat General Pinch and his skinny wife liked it.





The Pinches spied on their neighbors all day long. They had nothing better to do. They hated anything that looked like fun. They got upset when Joy hung upside down from a maple tree. They got angry when Katie crept around like a tiger. They got *furious* when Jack spun around until he felt dizzy. And whenever the Pinches got upset, or angry, or *furious*, the General would grab his bullhorn and shout "I'll call in the army!" and the fun would have to stop, right then and there.

When summer came, the Pinches ordered the children to stay inside.






the kids were miserable. So were their parents. But what could they do?
Everyone was terrified of the General and his army, and orders were orders; the
kids were told to stay inside.

It was a lonely time.

General and Mrs. Pincus smiled nasty smiles and stood proudly at their
front door, keeping a sharp lookout for any trouble. Unlike moving, robots building
that kind of thing. And whenever the Pincus saw anything they didn't like,
they'd yell, "I could haul out his bullhorn. I'll call it the army. He'd better

listen. Street was certainly clean and quiet—you had to give the Pincus
that credit. But you never heard any music or laughter there, or saw any toys
or children. It was a sad place, and that made the Pincus very glad.



A row of colorful, arched doorways in a building. The arches are in various colors like blue, green, and yellow. The building has a light-colored facade.

Then one day the Araboolies came to Liberty Street and moved in next door to the Pinches. They gave the General and his wife a lot to look at.

For one thing, there were dozens and dozens of them: children and moms and dads and aunts and uncles and grandparents and great-grandparents and great great great-grandparents. For another the Araboolies had pets. They had anteaters and porcupines, Elephants, walruses and sloths. They even had a wok, a few popaloks and a wild barumpuss!

Mrs. Pinch sucked in both cheeks. "Disgusting!" she hussed

"I'll call in the army!" boomed the General.



But that didn't bother the Araboolies. They didn't speak English. They didn't know *what* those Pinches were screaming about.

Now, the Araboolies came from an island far away where people are born with colorful skin. Strangely enough, however, the Araboolies were never the same color from one day to the next. For example, one day Grandfather Araboolie might be orange, Auntie Araboolie blue, and Baby Araboolie pink. But Gramps could just as easily have woken up yellow, Auntie green, and Baby purple. You just never knew.







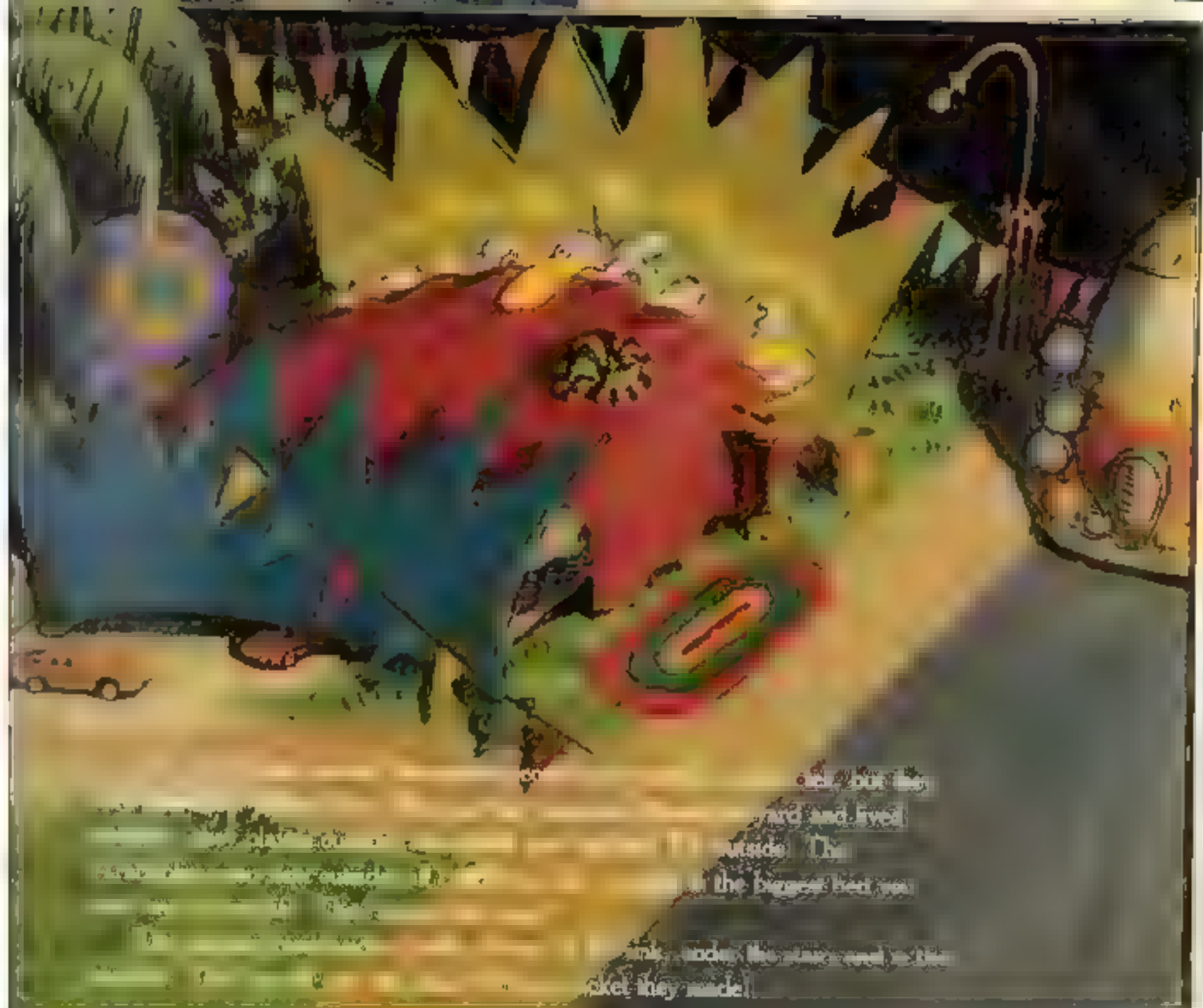
At once, the Arabootles glowed in the dark.

"Revolting!" squawked Mrs. Pugh. "I

don't like them!"

The first move was to get rid of the Arabootles.

It was red and white zigzag. The Arabootles were hanging from the trees. Then the Arabootles were poured sand on the grass and made them disappear.





Nowhere! screamed Mr. Pinch. How can we have this party in the
front hall? Where are the guests? Where?
All you make now much the Pinches screamed. The Arabodins were the only
ones. "I was having too much fun."
Gerald and Mr. Pinch were miserable. All this happiness was making them
themselves. "I was having too much fun!" Why, then, they knew of the children.



of Liberty Street were outside playing basketball ball.

"This has got to stop!" shrieked Mrs. Finch, her eyes popping out of her head.
Just then, Jay clobbered the basketball ball. It went up and on down to the
oil, not to crash through the Finches' window and smash into the General's
stomach—poor— and knocked him flat!

"Ouch!" roared the General.



The Pinches were out in a flash.

"This means war!" wailed Mrs. Pinch.

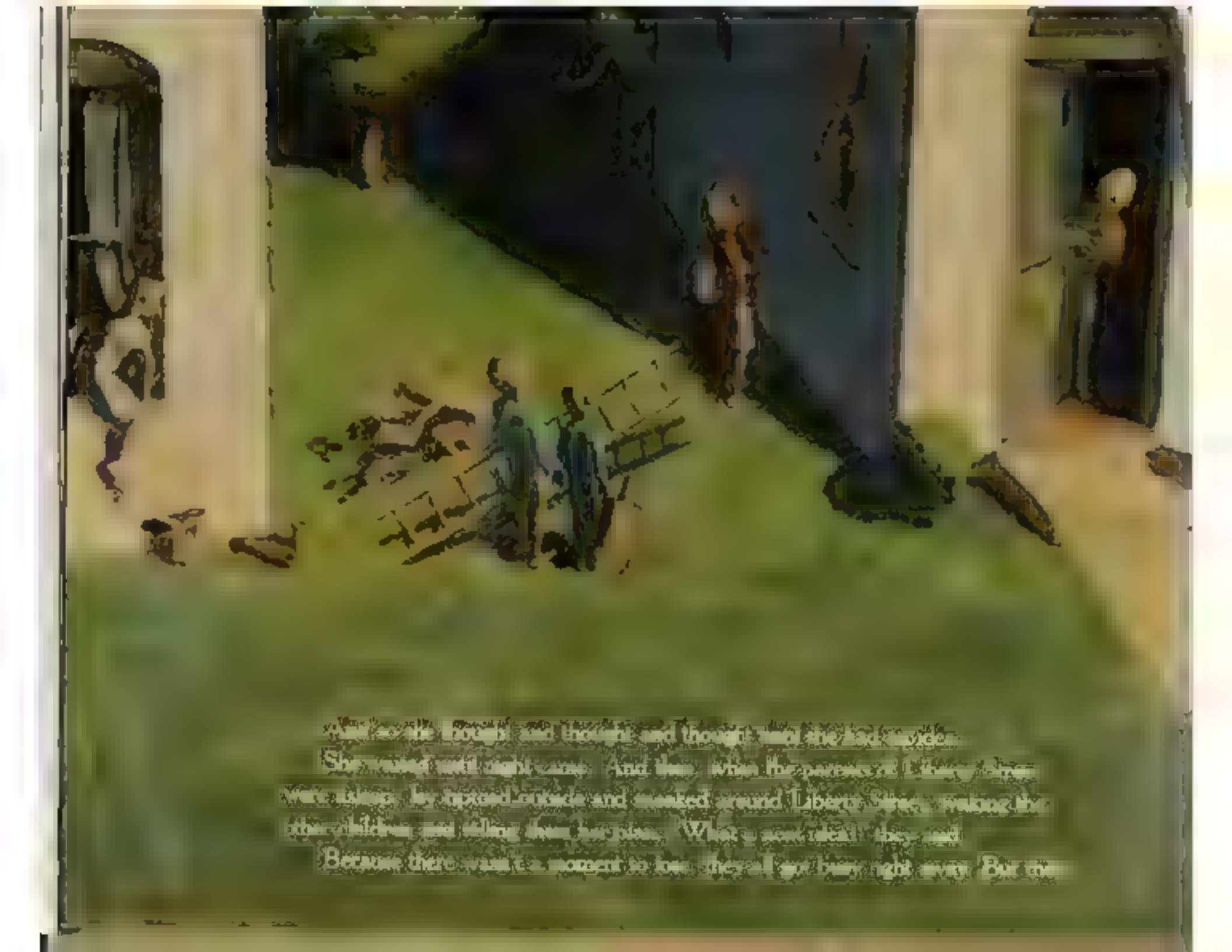
"I'll call in the army!" cried the General, and he whipped out his walkie-talkie. "Come in, army," he thundered. "Attack Liberty Street at dawn!"

Then the Pinches stormed home and slammed the door—but not before their cat Naomi had escaped and gone to the Araboolies' house to live.

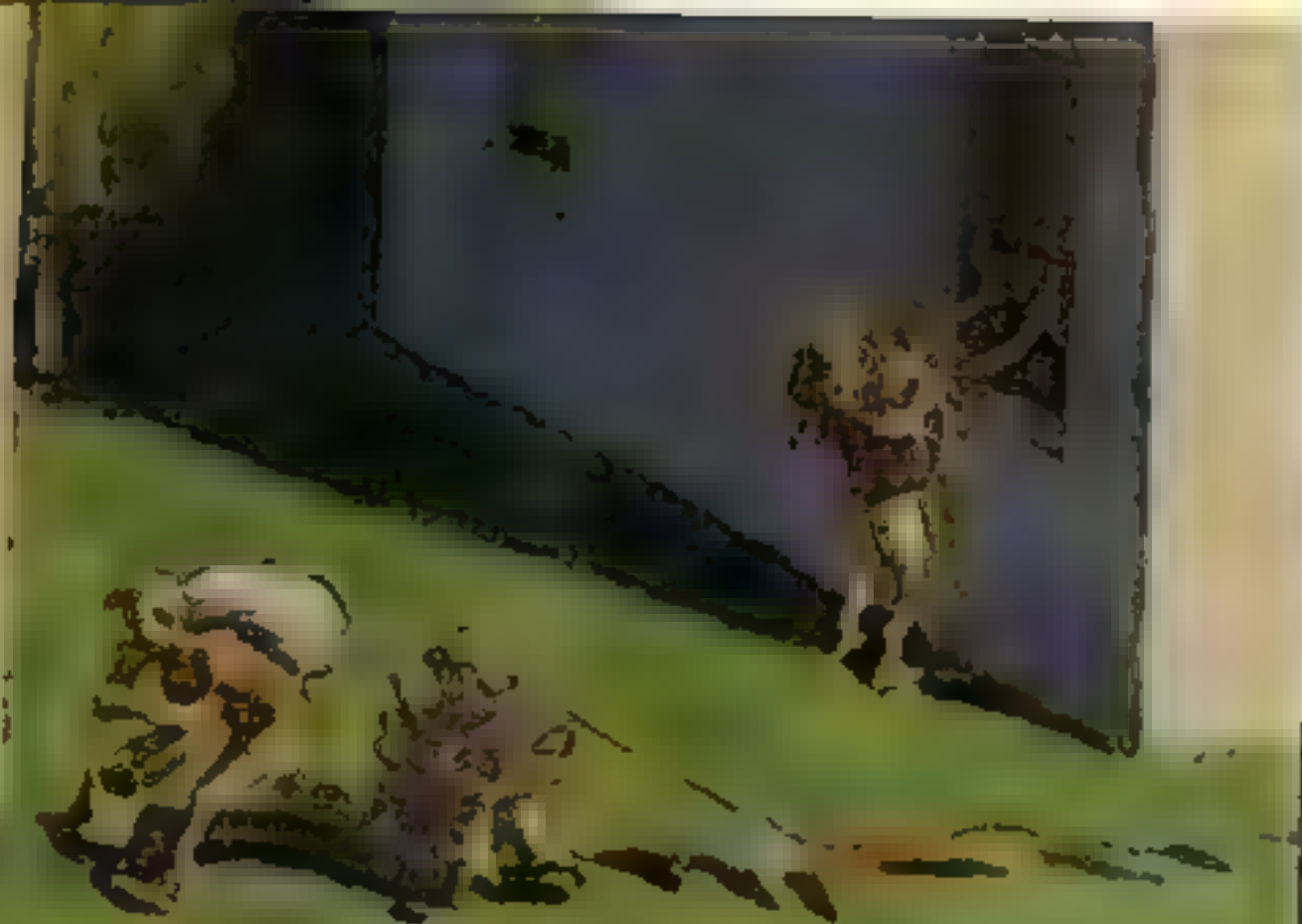
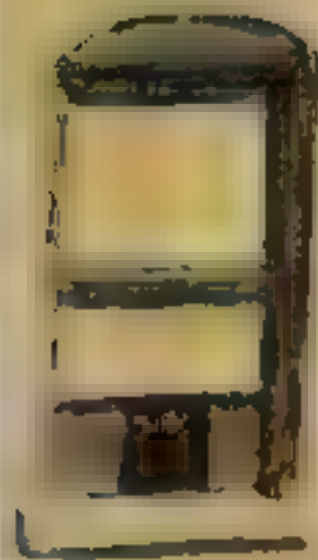
The Araboolies smiled and shrugged, but the rest of Liberty Street was in a panic. The army was coming! Doors were locked and blinds were pulled down tight. Everyone was terrified!

Everyone, that is, but Joy. "Those mean old Pinches," she thought. "When their army comes, they'll take away the Araboolies. Well, I won't let them! I won't!"





She came to the door and through the door she went.
She went well and true. And then when the people of the town
were all in a row and looked around Liberty Street, looking for
other children and telling them her name. What a noise they made
Because there was no more to be seen there all at once, right away. But then



But the noise to the parents wouldn't wake up. The children went down
to their room and up to their attic. They dug through closets and drawers
for old toys and balloons and finger paints. They rounded up
wrapping paper and they pulled out decorations from Christmas
Eve and Halloween. Then they went outside

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Some of the children colored the houses and pasted animal cut-outs in the windows. Others decorated the trees and painted the sidewalks. They put toys everywhere and dragged furniture outside. They worked all night long. The last thing they did was to paint one another's faces.

The Araboolies snored through it all.

It was almost dawn when they were finished. Liberty Street had never ever looked wilder or more colorful, and the children were very proud.



Before long, they heard the angry rumble of the army approaching. The ground shook. Soon there were guns and bombs and helicopters and thousands of soldiers marching past the colorful homes of Liberty Street.

Now, armies, of course, don't think. They only follow orders. And General Pinch's orders were very clear. "There's a house on Liberty Street that's



fferent! he roared from his window. "It's disgusting! Get rid of it! And get rid of the weirdos who live in it!"

And so, with those orders in mind, the soldiers marched up Liberty Street. But all they saw were brightly painted homes and colorful people. No house was different. No one was weird. The soldiers didn't know what to do.



But when they finally reached the end of Liberty Street where it was a different house, plain and white, with a fat angry man and a nasty skinny woman inside. "That's them!" shouted the army. "They're the weirdos!"

"Charge!" ordered the General

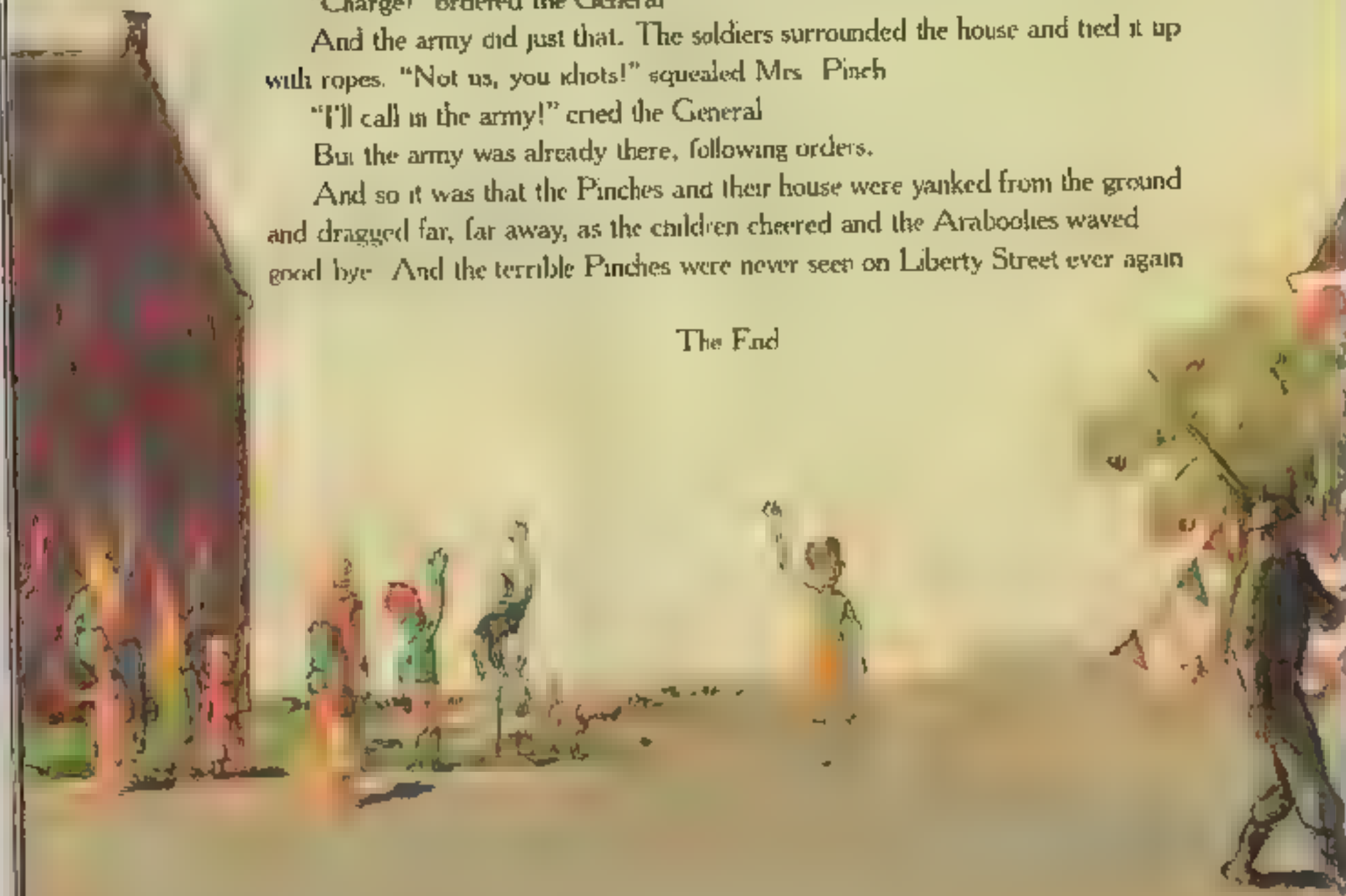
And the army did just that. The soldiers surrounded the house and tied it up with ropes. "Not us, you idiots!" squealed Mrs. Pinch

"I'll call in the army!" cried the General


But the army was already there, following orders.

And so it was that the Pinches and their house were yanked from the ground and dragged far, far away, as the children cheered and the Araboolies waved good bye. And the terrible Pinches were never seen on Liberty Street ever again

The End







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First Edition



SAM SWOPE is a free-lance writer living in New York City. *The Arabooles of Liberty Street* is his first book.

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